

MAX PAULI:
THE STORY OF A MAN'S LIFE.

BY HEINRICH HOFMANN.

CHAPTER IX.

"STURM UND DRANG."

In the spring, the young man's fancy
Lightly turns to thoughts of love.—*Locksley Hall.*

Easter Sunday in the year 1789 was a high day for our Hartzig friends. Johann Moser took his family out as usual to drink *gose* at Münzer, but the stereotyped treat was varied, for Albertina's new home was at Münzer, and the pair invited the Harzig family to dinner. The coming event was exciting to the two apprentices. Albertina, the acknowledged belle of Harzig before her marriage, had somehow got mixed up with Wilhelmina—now faded to a tender memory; then, a bride! Can budding manhood resist the glamour of it?

A well-timed (and ill-spaced) gift of ten dollars from his Uncle Heinrich enabled Max to cut a proper figure on the occasion. Do but think of him in a green coat with short waist and brass buttons behind, English fashion, breeches of new English nankin, a white waistcoat, and a low "tall hat" with broad-curling brim. Do not forget a nosegay of spring flowers for Albertina, and a lesser nosegay of primroses in his own button-hole to contrast finely with the background of the coat. He is not tall, but then his frame is agile and well-built, his leg shapely, and his neat extremities are, on this day, adorned with the silver buckles we remember. Manners have changed, and even in Moser's house sumptuary laws are in abeyance. Max was ruddy withal, and of a fair countenance, and delicate curves of nostril, lip, and brow betokened to the observant a certain delicacy of nature.

A countenance of quick intelligence and virginal purity completed the *tout ensemble* with which Max Pauli confronted the beholder on this gala day, which happened to follow close upon his nineteenth birthday—hence his uncle's present. Did said beholder wonder, How in the world has the lad managed to keep the flower of a stainless youth, and to get himself cultivated into the bargain, amongst these gambling, beer-swilling, blotchy-mugged apprentices of Hartzig? His home? Well, it is not a slight thing to have been brought up by gentle and cultured people. His master's daughters? No; or, anyway, less than you would imagine; it was Wilhelmina, their dream-goddess, who had kept the lads in chivalrous sentiments and seemly ways; she had grown with their growth, too, and, in these latter days, had exacted an acquaintance with the events of the day. In fact, the "make-believe-very-much" courtship had long since passed, imperceptibly to the lads, into the joint-construction of a romance into which every interest of their lives was woven.

Wherefore, it was not without some sentimental agitation that the two young "bucks" set out for Albertina's home. Not with the family—it does not do to drop all distinctions; the Mosers hired a *Droschke* and went in state, and the apprentices took places in the mail-cart. This separate arrival accounts for the burning blushes of our young men when they beheld the goddess enshrined. Albertina? No; Albertina was the sensation they expected; the sensation they received was—Hedwig. No doubt the charming domesticity of the new "home" affected them. Albertina was lovelier than ever, and to hear Karl Holtzheim call her "*Alte*" with an air of fond appropriation was a thing that touched you to tears and delicious laughter, that is, if you were a young man on the very verge of young manhood, blest with a heart overflowing with sensibility. But who was this radiant creature in blue gown looped over a rosy petticoat—flashing, sparkling, beaming upon them with eyes and teeth and red lips, ravishing them with gracious courtesy, fascinating them with a thousand witcheries of look and gesture? Was it Hedwig—good, commonplace little Hedwig, familiar as daily food and drink? Ah, no! It was Venus, newly emerged from the wave, with the glory of her beauty-bath upon her. How the two displayed themselves before her like two cock robins at pairing-time, excelling in song and freaks of flight

under the eyes of the modest little hen! Peter had the best of it; he could talk nonsense; had a thousand amusing things to say about the people in the gardens; if nothing else offered, he could find a joke in the behaviour of two leaves of the chestnut they sat under. And his sallies were rewarded with a show of lovely teeth or a little peal of bird-laughter, so natural and so musical was it. Max was out of it. As he wrote to his uncle: "If I see a man leaning against a wall, I see only a man leaning against a wall, but Bruhm sees what will entertain you for a quarter of an hour."

Our Max was not unhappy, not even jealous as yet; he was overpowered with a melancholy delightful as mirth. What need to talk? He could *see*—see sunlight and leaf-shadows flickering over the face whose changes were just so soft and so fleeting; could see the swell of the white throat, the play of rich colour on the creamy skin, the sparkling and softening of the brown eyes, the masses of nut-brown hair (how she would have liked to powder it! But custom and her father decreed—that's for your betters), the tantalising play of dimples. Have you ever looked at a picture until you were *en tête* with the loveliness of it? If so, you will understand the intoxication of Max's mood.

All days come to an end. Max and Peter sat in opposite corners of the mail-cart, each with arms folded and chin sunk, unaware of the rest of the world.

Did they talk as of old when they reached the familiar attic? Not they; young love is silent. For appearance' sake, they went to bed; but as for sleep, what a joke! Who can sleep when he is aglow with ecstatic being? A rhapsody, a trance of bliss, without thought or emotion, was that first night of love to the two young men.

Think of getting up in the morning, and knowing—knowing to a certainty—that you will see HER once and again during the blessed day! But was it certain? Suppose she had died in her sleep; such things have happened. Suppose she had caught cold in the gardens, and should for weeks and months be shrouded from *his* eyes in a sick chamber. The fancy is maddening; we hurry to the shop, and scan Herr Moser's countenance with what is, to that good man, unaccountable anxiety. And what amazing reverence we throw into voice and eyes in addressing the bookseller. How, even in speaking of

him, we scout the too familiar jokes and sobriquets of yesterday!

And Hedwig? The dear girl (we are very fond of Hedwig) felt the stir in the air as the birds feel the coming of spring. She was conscious of unusual exaltation of spirits, went about the house singing for joy of heart; but she thought of the young men in the plural; they were "dear fellows." Max's pensiveness played about in her thoughts with Peter's gaiety, and she made no choice of either.

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"Bruhm!"—only a momentary lifting of the cloud in response to speech and touch—but Max himself was making his way through.

Max was tired of it. Six months of devouring jealousy, six months of consuming love, make havoc even in your young man, blessed with so amazing a power of recuperation as he is. Pauli lost his girl-like bloom, lost flesh too, and went about drooping. Even Moser noticed the change, and thought the lad was sickening for fresh air. But the drama of life is enacted for each of us before an audience of one; we agonise and exult behind the scenes; airy music drowns the sounds of conflict; a gaily painted curtain hides the fray. Max went about his work as usual, save that the good-natured lad was setting up a caustic wit, and that there were dark saucers under his eyes, which Hedwig noticed, but never guessed the cause of. Thus, the outside; what within? Those sleepless nights which began as a luxury of exaltation became a terror. To lie awake and hate the creature who lay almost within touch—that was maddening. Say, Hedwig was kind, smiled upon him, paid him gentle little attentions at table. He came to dread those seasons of fair weather. He knew the whole gamut of feeling so lightly preluded. He should—he knew it well—bask in her sweetness; until—some gay aside of Bruhm's—at *his* expense? and then—the music of her laugh, and the madness of his rage!

When he is weary, desolated with passion, some gentle trait in Bruhm, some kindly memory, touches him to added misery. The letter of the new law was little enough to Max Pauli, but the verdict which pronounced hate and murder one in essence and in act was ratified by the judge in his bosom.

The next turn of the wheel brought a new torture. It is

wonderful and pitiful in how many ways a poor human soul can suffer; and perhaps a soul ashamed unto death is *in extremis*. Like all thoughtful young men of his day and nation, Max was a *philosopher*—so they called themselves. To say that philosophy was “the vogue” then, as science is “the vogue” to-day, is to talk from the teeth. It is well we should now and then face the fact that the world is at school, conning lessons which are not set by chance; and that, as the child is now “in” two syllables, now “in” four, so of the world’s first class; then “in” philosophy, now “in” science. What next? History, perhaps; biography, reduced to first principles—a science of conduct and character. Thus we feel our way towards the Source. What last? Ah! some of us dream dreams and see visions; but we must bide our time, content to believe that the world is like the good child at school, “getting on;” and that, even though we ourselves are the dunces at the bottom.

Philosophy meant, to “young Germany,” a hundred years ago, the teachings of Emmanuel Kant. Not that the neophyte was supposed to plunge headlong into the full tide of the master’s wisdom. There were innumerable (long forgotten) grammars and text books of philosophy then, as there are to-day of natural science. To begin with, logic, Kiesewetter’s logic, in particular, was the key to Kant. Here was a godsend to an unquiet soul; sheets beyond counting did Max Pauli cover with the dreary formulæ. But, how soon you get into the trick of a thing! His mind came to exercise itself in this gymnasium of “the reason” almost without consciousness, while, all the time, thoughts which consumed him went raging on their way. All honour to him for the effort made by advice of his uncle; all pity for the protest wrung from him—“I don’t want these ideas to come, I do not seek them; they take possession of me, fill my soul as swarms of living beings, torture me with intolerable torture. Why am I their prey against my will, in spite of my efforts? Tell me, my uncle, you know better than I, what has philosophy to say—what says the Master? Tell me something to go on with; I despair; I would give up Hedwig, love, life itself, anything for peace. That is the whole of my base desire. Virtue is nothing to me now, nor I to it. Tell me, and do not scorn your poor boy, is the last resource utterly shameful—is there an afterwards?”

Herr Frenzel lay awake the night after he read that letter,

and for many another night, but, alack, for the comfort he was able to give!

When the grind of logic ceased to have any stupefying virtue, Max betook himself to hard reading in philosophy. In the speculations of the noblest minds might he not, if anywhere, lose his miserable identity? He read systems of morality, of divinity, of civil polity, the books of the hour. At last he got hold of, and pored over with hungry eagerness, the celebrated *Critique* itself. Here, if anywhere, he should learn how to hold his tormentors in leash. How glorious the vision of ever increasing perfection for individuals and for the race; how beautiful, how stimulating the pursuit after virtue how easy the attainment, too; you had but to go on, step after step—here a little and there a little, and necessarily, simply, as a man who traverses the highway wins towards his destination, so surely do you gain upon the beautiful vision of Perfection. How excellent, how possible is virtue, how proper to the condition of man! Evil loses its character to him who is engaged in this high pursuit. “Viewing things in this light,” he writes to his uncle, “I do not believe in evil, since by every occurrence we may be improved, and everything, when it is past, heightens our power of enjoyment”—everything, even Bruhm, and even if Hedwig had assuredly given him her love. Nay, had he not attained—could he not sit down and rest on the slope of the hill, for had not he, Max Pauli, proved Virtue stronger than passion; had not even he, in her strength alone, evicted hatred and subdued love? The young man wrote home of his triumphs, and Friedrich Frenzel again walked the “deck” of the little salon with swelling port:—

“Mighty is virtue, and must prevail!”

“Virtue! Fiddlesticks!”

Our old friend Doris has not changed beyond recognition.

As for poor Max, alas, for his easy triumph! A lull in the temptest deluded him into the notion that he had made port. At the very moment of his uncle’s elation a thing befell Max, a little thing you will say, no more than this—that he watched Bruhm as he handed a cup to Hedwig and bent over her with some foolish little joke, which fetched a smile. The demon of jealousy rushed into the house, all swept and garnished, carrying with him seven others more wicked than himself, and the last state of Max was worse than the first. What were injunctions in

the "Categorical Imperative," what was any rag or tatter of the Transcendental Philosophy to him now? Never before had the fever of his mind been so terrible—the surging of alien and hateful ideas through his brain.

And all this about the fancy of a 'prentice lad for his master's daughter! If we must listen to the rolling of the big drums, give us, anyway, the proper accessories. Let us have picturesque personalities, a general, or a count, for example, a princess or a great singer. No, reader; history is inexorable; the true story of a man's life is all you shall have.

CHAPTER X.

BROTHERS.

Tis not greatness they require
To be offered up with fire;
But 'tis sweetness that doth please
Those eternal essences.—*R. Herrick.*

Nothing comes free-cost here; Jove will not let
His gifts go from him if not bought with sweat.—*R. Herrick.*

To return after a long digression.

"Bruhm!" and Max laid a friendly hand on the shoulder of his fellow-apprentice as the latter sat at work. Bruhm made no answer; the scowl he commonly wore for Pauli was not lifted. All the same, touch and tone told. The affection of years lay beneath the variance of months, and the two young men could not affect strangeness towards each other.

"Walk out to Kirschof with me to-morrow?"

It was not easy to break the ice, but Max had had training in doing the thing he willed.

"Bruhm, old fellow, I can't stand it any longer; it's killing me."

"What's the matter with you?"

"You know as well as I. We both love —, and we hate each other."

"You have stated the case. I am glad you spare the name of the lady. What remains to be said? Have we not exhausted the programme you have seen fit to arrange for to-day?"

They were walking beside the Bruck. The peace of the flowing

river, the blue sky, the green earth, the sunshine, the gaiety of the groups of holiday-makers in Sunday clothes, had their effect on the young men. How much we owe to those blessed pauses when outer life, best of all, the coolness of insensate life, drops on the hurry and flurry of our thoughts! Max did well to follow his instincts in securing an out-of-door discussion. Also, he did well in this; most of us seek an *éclaircissement* to prove to the adversary how wrong he is—how right we are. A few months earlier, this is all an attempt to talk it out with Bruhm would have meant. But the fire—cleansing fire, was it? had burned deep. Max was ready to-day to purchase deliverance at the cost of sacrifice, and it was with offers of renunciation in his hand that he came out.

"No, we have not; worse things can happen to a man than loving and losing—if you can talk of losing what you have never had. I say, it is worse for a man to lose his own soul than to lose the love of a woman."

"Give me here, and now, and the love you scorn; souls and hereafter for whom they concern. Have you had an offer? I should have thought few bidders would speak for that bargain of your soul."

"My loss is here and now; my hell is here and now; I know all about it—gnawing worm and consuming fire, and the rest of it."

"Look here, Pauli; what's the good of saying this to me? A man can't make over a lady's love, you know, even if it's his to give away."

"A man," "a man,"—well, they were men, and there is more than mere bombast in the way a young man asserts his manhood. Bruhm, privately, thought more of Max's chances than of his own; but tell him so? not he.

"You know what I mean, or you might know. Haven't you told me a dozen times that you took to me when I came here, a raw lad, because, well, because I had been taught to aim higher than do most lads? Haven't we read Divine Philosophy together, and had before our eyes a glorious vision of Perfection—a fair bride that, to be wooed and won and taken into a man's life by step-by-step endeavour? Have we not kept our thoughts pure and our lips clean, and guarded our hearts from evil? Have we not laboured up-hill, hand-in-hand, stepping, now on this, now on that, folly or vice? Have we not

rested to take breath, side by side, counting over the steps we had gained, the steps we must yet mount before we reached her, the Bride of Humanity, so certain an attainment, so satisfying a recompense?"

Bruhm listened to this diatribe with mixed feelings. It was all true; he had kindled at the spark young Pauli had brought from Wilhelmstadt; had been emulous of virtue, too; now—

"You were always better than I, little fellow; it's another bride I want; who will may woo and wed Perfection; I give her up."

"Don't you see? It's you who have robbed me twice over. That you should have stolen hope from me is no matter. That's all fair. What woman would look twice at me when you were by? But what have I done that you should let loose on me the seven deadly sins—envy, hate, revenge, murder—heaven forgive me, I have *killed* you in my thoughts; the horror of it! No one can understand who has not been through it!"

"And what if I have been through it? Trust me, Pauli, I'm worse than you; where you've sinned with one hand, I've sinned with both. We gained steps, did we? Sat high on the hillside, did we? Well, I've gone to the bottom headlong, and I've no heart to begin again. You may have 'Perfection;' it's Hedwig or nothing for me."

"I can give up Hedwig" (each must needs indulge himself with naming of her name), "because I can't have her, but I won't lose myself into the bargain. Give me a hand; help me back to level ground, for the love of heaven!"

Bruhm, who was a step in advance, turned round sharp, with raised fist.

"Stop this caterwauling, you fool! Don't I tell you I'm worse than you! What do you know of the passions of a man, you puling infant? Give him a hand indeed!"

Bruhm strode ahead. Pauli sprang after him, seized his arm, and went on with quiet determination,—

"You *shall* hear me out. I renounce her; will never claim or think of her as mine. This is how you shall help me out of hell. You loved me once, Bruhm; love me again; bind me to you, let me be the brother of your soul, and I swear before God I will seek your happiness before my own, henceforth, and so long as we both shall live!"

What next? Well, they fell on each other's necks; they

wept, they kissed each other, they vowed eternal brotherhood and to call each other *du*. Remember, it was in the Fatherland, where men may kiss and weep, and where such sentimental ties are honoured and held binding as blood relationships. Peter Bruhm was not to be outdone in generosity; he, too, would give up Hedwig. He confessed he had made no way, thought Max's chances much better than his own.

"Why, when all's said and done, you're a gentleman, and she knows it; and I shall never be more than a decent tradesman. Go in, lad, and win!"

Could not Bruhm also seek his brother's happiness before his own? And then there was rivalry as to which should give her up; and neither would be outdone; so they both vowed stern renunciation, and went home blessed. And the worm left off its gnawing and the fire its raging for the present, anyhow; and Hedwig wondered what had come to her two friends, so tender now to each other, so cold to her. Rude and ungrateful she called them, for they kept out of her way, neglected little everyday courtesies, gave short, bare answers when she addressed, whether the one or the other. Had she offended them? she wondered. They were making headway by this strange behaviour; had there been one of them, not two—?

The opening of the last decade of the last century, just a hundred years ago that is, saw, among other events of greater and of less importance, the close of Peter Bruhm's apprenticeship. After the kindly custom of his nation, Moser gave a banquet in honour of the young man, who had, on the whole, acquitted himself to his satisfaction; and, in the course of this entertainment the master came up to Bruhm, bade him rise, struck him lightly on the cheek, presented him with a sword, and addressed him as *Sie* in sign of equality, whereupon all the company arose; there was a tremendous clinking of glasses, everybody touching Bruhm's, and each person touching everybody else's with the appropriate good wishes, and then that most jovial burst of good fellowship, not to be rivalled, perhaps not to be equalled, by any chorus of any nation—

Hoch soll en Sie leben,
Dreimal hoch!

until the rafters rang with "Dreimal hoch!" lusty and sonorous, out of manly and musical German throats.

This is not our farewell to Peter Bruhm. He continues to touch the life of our hero at various points. Another bookseller in the town employed him as assistant; and his old master gave him a standing invitation to look in of an evening, or on a Sunday afternoon. So Bruhm continued to walk out as usual on Sundays with his "brother," and each fed the flame of his own love by listening to the unbosoming of his companion. And then they went to burn incense by their looks while they refused to speak civilly to the goddess, for, were they not under vows to each other?

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Love is not the whole of a busy life—even at twenty. The withdrawal of Bruhm left Max senior apprentice, and brought duties which gave him a curiously wide outlook, and enabled him to form a purpose and shape a definite scheme of life from which he found little occasion to diverge.

Max Pauli was blessed with a good deal of organising power, not yet called into play, and a turn for generalising. He found with surprise and intense interest that his new duties enabled him to take a comprehensive survey of the entire book-trade of Germany. Not only so; after a few months he found himself in a condition to tabulate the various German-speaking states in the order of their intellectual development—anyway, in that of their literary and scientific culture. That, of the dawning of this fact upon him, was, perhaps, the supreme moment in our hero's life. It happened on an occasion when Moser was called to Frankfort, and the young man's wits were quickened by a pleasant sense of responsibility. He was perched on the top of a step-ladder, hunting out volumes to complete the list in his hand, when there came to him such a moment of vision as to Newton when he saw that apple drop, to Herschel, when he found a new world. The *Eureka* to which his pulse throbbed was no less than this—a bookseller, a single bookseller, alive to the possibilities open to him, might—direct the reading, and, therefore, conduct the education of all Germany! The thought was dazzling, intoxicating; and hours passed like moments in its contemplation.

No lust of power or greed of profit dimmed the glory of the young man's dream. Think what it was to be persuaded of the inherent nobility of man, to see before you a nation, a race, only waiting for instruction, for gentle leading in the paths of divine

philosophy, to bring them out of darkness into marvellous light. Here was a mission, a God-given mission he felt—and who shall say he was wrong? And with that best thought, he burst into a passion of tears and prostrated himself in agony of humbleness before Him who had taken the poor out of a dung-hill and given him the work of a prince. And there came to him an assurance, sweet as that of the wetted fleece on the dry ground—here was—was it not? the allotted task of his childish vision in the cave. Never dream it is defeat and disappointment that compels a man to put his lips to the ground in utter abasement of soul. Such a moment as this,—such a moment as Columbus had when he sighted the New World and sang *Te Deum*,—will compel humility more than ever that fabled nine days' fall from the heights of heaven.

And, like all great discoveries, how simple the thing was! You had but to see it, and to have some degree of organising power, and all was plain sailing. Not that Moser saw or knew. His dealings were by rule of thumb. He was an honest man and did not blunder iniquitously, but, such use as he made of his opportunities was more by chance than by good luck.

It is difficult for us to-day to realise that during this period of extraordinary intellectual activity in Germany, book-shops were far more sparsely scattered than cathedrals, and there were whole principalities which did not support a single book-seller.

The literary giants of Jena and Weimar had set on foot what was in that day a noble enterprise, with a view to stimulate the intellectual apathy of a people by no means destitute of education. But the *Jena Literary Gazette*, though it was dutifully conned by the booksellers, failed to make much way among the reading public, possibly because what we understand by a "reading public" could hardly be said to exist.

Hartzig was the very heart of the book-trade of Germany, such as it was. Here alone was there any certainty of being able to procure the more notable, anyway, of the books that came out from Fair to Fair. Here was held a sort of biennial congress of booksellers, all, whose trade was of sufficient importance, coming to the Easter and Michaelmas Fairs, and bringing with them the title-pages of their latest publi-

cations. These they showed each other, and carried round amongst the booksellers of Hartzig; much chaffing as to price would follow, and the extremest caution would be exercised in ordering copies of works which could not be returned if unsold.

Moser's business, and those of a few other important booksellers of Hartzig, had sprung out of the great difficulty and complexity of the book-trade. He had a considerable store of standard works, to which he added, from Fair to Fair, such new works as seemed to him promising. The booksellers found it more convenient to send to one or other of these book depôts than to collect books they wanted from their several publishers. Moser, alone, received weekly orders enough to fill five or six pages of his day-book from the few scattered centres of the book-trade in Germany. And it was the opportunity to analyse these orders, to see what works were in demand in this province and in that, that gave to Max Pauli the inspiration of his life—the idea of educating Germany through its book-shops.

(*To be continued.*)

THE RELATIONS BETWEEN PARENTS AND TEACHERS.*

BY THE REV. J. E. C. WELLDON, M.A., *Head Master of
Harrow School.*

Mr. Welldon said that when he was first invited, some time ago, to give a short treatise upon an educational subject, it was suggested to him by a distinguished lady that it should take the form of the "Reform of Parents." He hoped such a suggestion of a subject would be regarded as an excuse for any hesitation he had shown in coming there. He said the reform of parents was indeed a tempting theme to one who had like himself held a scholastic position, and who had had such varied experience with parents of both sexes, but especially with that sex which is not always found in sympathy with schoolmasters. He spoke of that disposition, the last infirmity of schoolmasters, to trust their own educational infallibility in preference to the prejudices and inordinate affection of parents. He said parents are regarded by schoolmasters as the great hinderers to education; and one of the reasons why he had hesitated about speaking on this occasion was because he was not in sympathy with that view, and, in his opinion, there was no great need, at the present time, of parental reform. It had struck him that the people who are the most anxious for the reform of parents are those who are not parents themselves, and who are incapable of understanding parental feeling. This was like speaking on questions of language without any knowledge of grammar. He had been very much mixed up with parents, and had been attached not only to large institutions, but to every kind of school; he had rarely travelled up to town without a parent by his side, and he had even found parents standing in a kind of *queue*, waiting to receive him. At one school it had been necessary to make a rule that where a parent prolonged a meeting beyond due bounds the porter should come with a card of

* Report of an Address delivered at a Meeting of the Belgravia and Westminster Branch of the P.N.E.U.